

THE WASHINGTON TIMES

Madezine Page



This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the death, in 1855, of Charlotte Bronte, the author of "Jane Eyre." This novel was one of the most widely read of the time, and won her a place among the notable writers of the period.

THE WILD GOOSE BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

A Dramatic Story of a Devoted Husband Who Discovers His Wife Is In Love With Another Man

notion picture by Cosmopolitan Productions under the musterly direction of Albert Capellani and is released as a Paramount picture.

The Story So Far

Frank Manners, an artist of reputation, is doing some work for a rich woman in California, He has always been devotedly attached to his wife Diana. He reads over her letters of the last few months and feels that she is neglecting their small daughter Tam. He decides to go East without letting Diana know beforehand. On the train he meets a hunter who tells him a tale of a wild goose. Manners spends a wakeful night reviewing his mar-ried life with Diana.

By Gouverneur Morris Author of "His Daughter," "When

My Ship Comes In" "The Seven Darlings," and Other Notable Fiction.

E would tell Tam that he had H come home because he could not bear to stay away from her any longer.

With thoughts of the welcome that he would have from Tam peace came to him. He no longer tried to account for the intuition that was hurrying him home, and, his sheets, and blankets in a cindery snarl, he settled into the position in which sleep would presently find him, and a little later dreamed that he was an old gray goose who had lost his mate, and could not bear to Mive any longer, and that he was

straight for the muzzle of a doublebarreled shotgun. . .

CHAPTER III.

Francis Manners kept out of the city as much as possible. And the small apartment which he rented in the 60's was usually spoken of as his wife's. It was almost entirely for her convenience that the small suite of small rooms had been rented at all, and in the choice of the wall papers, chintses and furnishings his taste had not been consulted. Nor had Diana given free rein to her own. Her taste ran to extremely expensive simplicity.

And although the effect of the apartment was simple enough, it had been achieved at a very small expense. Only the linen and the toiles articles on Diana's dressingtable showed that she could be extravagant. Francis Manners had driven di-

rectly from the Grand Central Station to his club, in Forty-third street. From there he had telephoned first to his home in Old Westbury. Tam had reached an age when she delighted to answer the telephone.

saying: "What is it, plis?" he bagan to tremble all over. "Who are you?" he asked in a disguised voice. He heard the receiver drop. He heard her cry-

and when he heard her shrill voice

ing: "It's Fazzer! It's Fazzer." Then he heard the cool and quiet voice of Diana's mother. There was

laughter in it. "Tam is so excited that she can't speak," she said. 'But where are



A scene from the forthcoming motion picture, "The Wild Goose." Frank Manners, arriving home unexpectedly, finds Ogden Fenn with Diana, his wife. Diana is surprised at her husband's return.

"In New York. Is Diana there?" Something told him that Diana was not there, nor she would now be audible in the family group at the other end of the telephone.

"Diana went to town yesterday. Have you telephoned the apart-

she intend to come out to the coun-

"Thought I'd try home first. Did

know?" "She said she would try. But, of

course, you'll find her and bring her out. You can't very well say what

train, can you? But what brings you back?" "One thing and another. Are you

all well?

"Very. Tam especially."

had also ordered chicken livers Aqui-

"Isn't that fine!" he exclaimed. + taine, consisted of half-a-dozen Cotuit oysters and a cup of cafe au

'Isn't that fine!" "Wait a moment. Tam seems think she can speak now." Again The keen appetite with which he the child's shrill voice started up the beating of his heart, 'I couldnt believe it was you,'

Motion Pictures of This Splendid

Serial Will Be Shown Here Soon

At the Leading Theaters

she said, "I was so excited." "I wish you could see how ex-

cited father is," said Manners. "He's shaking like a leaf on a tree. And he's going to come out to the country just as soon as ever he can find mother and catch a train, and, of course, the quicker you and I stop talking, the quicker I can find mother, and so my own darling goodbye to you, and take good care of yourself." He stepped out of the booth and gave the number of Diana's apartment.

Diana's maid, Hilds, answeredhim, and told him that Mrs. Manners had gone out for lunch; she Hilda, could not say where. He also gathered that when his wife went out to lunch she nearly always came back about three.

He had counted somehow on getting in touch with Diana at once, and he came out of the booth with an unreasonable feeling of depression. The truth was that he was very tired after his long journey across the continent; tired bodily, optically and mentally.

He telephoned to Sherry's, Delmonico's and the Colony Club, but Diana was at none of these. And as it was now a quarter before two he felt he ought to think of his own lunch. This is the end, thought he

had entered the club had left him. He did not feel like speaking to anyone, but for once he seemed to know half the men in the dining room, and as he had been away so long many of them came to his table to welcome him back, so that he was half an hour over a meal that shouldn't have wasted ten minutes.

It was half-past two when he put down his traveling bag in the ment, and looked at his watch. He would have to wait at least half an hour before he saw h r. And if not interminable, it seemed at the least an important period of time. He spent most of it on his feet, and a quarter hour (double the length of the half) as well.

It wasn't in any way Diana's fault. He would have been the first to admit that. And if he did not exactly blame her at least he felt irritated with her; not steadily, but by fits and starts. Sometimes, at the sight of something which reminded him of her loveliness and charm—the mirror on her dressing table, for instance—an ineffable tenderness came over him, and he drew long, slow breaths

There were some new books on the drawing room table and he paused, in his caged prowlings, to examine the titles: "Twinkletors, "The Idiot," "The Seven That Were Hanged." And when he had looked at the fly-leaves of these books Manners knew that someone whom Diana liked had given them to her because she had taken the trouble to write her name in them. Would she never come?

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(To be continued Tomorrow.)

Paying the Penalty

WHAT THE ERRING WOMAN HAS TO FACE.

By Beatrice Fairfax Who Occupies a Unique Position in the Writing World as an Authority on the Problems of Girls.

WE sneer at buildights. We at the thought of the glad-Material contests of early days. Yet we turn our thumbs down exactly as they used to do in the days of the gladiators. Only our "thumbs down" signal for more punishment ds meted to those who have fallen-in life's contest—and might get up again if only we'd let them.

There's something wrong with a

civilization that wastes its citizens. There's something awry wit's a scheme of justice that won't rest contented to let past blunders be wiped out and human beings start out with clean slates if they show a desire to start over again on a

Suppose a man has been a thief. If he comes out of jail with a de-sire to go straight, isn't he to be encouraged and permitted to "come back," or is he to be distrusted

PHILLIPS Around the Corner From High

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+ everlastingly and pushed back into the criminal course he has come to loathe?

Suppose a woman has blundered from the path of virtue. If she learns how precious are the ideals and standards of women who are stronger or better protected or wiser than she, isn't she to be given a chance to live by her new light? Must she pay everlastingly

for her tragic weakness? Suppose we never tried to set roken legs. Suppose we didn't fortify weak eyes with glasses or strengthen weak lungs with clean air and good food. That would be just about as wise as forcing moral blunderers to become moral dere-

The fact that a man or woman wants to come back to paths of respectability and to follow the rules on law and order and decency shows that it hasn't been happy to live without the law. The woman who struggles back to the path of righteousness is proving that the "easiest way" wasn't a flowery path. Receiving her isn't going to make givis fancy that they're free to take their fling. It's going to show them that vice has little charm for those who know her face.

The summer pays. Nature sees to that. The normal course of events in a world run on law and order basis sees to that. The game of life works out best when played according to rules. We needn't go beyond the law and nature in trying to wreak ven-geance or justice or wnatever

FOR LOVE

E for Philip—perhans shy with her . . she laughed at her self for such a thought. How could a man be shy of the woman he loved?

She wondered if perhaps she had been too cold and stand-offish; the thought made her cheeks burn. "I won't think about it any more,"

she made up her mind. "It will all come right if I am patient."

But she was thinking of it all the afternoon. She played badly, and her partner got irritable. Eva apologized in confusion, but for almost the first time in her life

she did not care if she played or And then a kindly shower came

down and soaked the courts, and made further play impossible.

Eva was thankful; she gave a little sigh of relief as she ran to the house with the others. Philip took her racquet: "I'm afraid we shan't be able to play any

more today," she said.
She laughed. #I don't mind."
He looked at her curiously. "Really! I thought you were never

An Absorbing Romance

She colored a little. "I am to-She paused, then added, with a sudden desperate courage: would much rather talk to you." She could not look at him as she

spoke; she almost felt as if she had said something forward. Philip did not answer for a mo-ment, then he said, formally: "That

s very kind of you." The words sounded stilted, and Eva felt as if a rough hand had

This was not the sort of lover she had pictured for herself; this reserved almost silent man, who was merely formally polite. She sat very still, staring before

her. Philip rose. He had been sitting on the arm of her chair. "Will you have some more tea?"

he asked. "No, thank you." She tried to speak naturally, but her voice quiv-

He looked at her quickly and away again; her face was grim. Will you-oh, do have some more tea," he said with helpless impatience.

"No, thank you, really." She rose. "I think I must be getting back; I promised mother I would not be late, and the rain looks as if it

It was an excuse to get away, and he knew it as well as she did. He took her cup and put it down

on the table. "Very well-I will drive you She protested, "There is no need -it's nothing of a walk. I would

rather walk. His face grew obstinate, "I shal! not allow you to walk."

Eva said good-by to Mrs. Winterdick and the few people who were

nearest her. Without knowing exactly why, she felt as if this afternoon she had touched on the fringe of tragedy. Philip brought the car to the front door. He had put up the hood. He still wore his fiannels, and his sleeves were rolled back,

showing his brown muscular fore-Eva sat beside him. Her hands were clenched under the light rug

which he insisted that she use. When they had driven perhaps haif a mile Philip stopped the car. He was perfectly well aware of what the girl at his side was thinking and feeling. He wanted to try to say something to make her happier; he wanted desperately to drive that set look from her face, but all he could stammer out was: "What's the matter? What have I done?"

She tried to laugh. "What do you mean? You haven't done anything -of course, you haven't." "Then look at me." "I would rather not."

There was a little silence, then he half turned in his seat. He put an arm about her shoulders and forced her to look at him. "There are tears in your eyes," he said, angrily. "What nonsense! I-" It was no

use; the tears were overflowing now, and she covered her face with Philip Winterdick looked away from her down the length of the

rain-drenched road. He knew, without any words from her that the first faint doubt was slowly making its way up into her heart, and he knew, too, if things, were allowed to drift on like this much longer he would be powerless

to stop it. "Look here," he said, desperately. "You're disappointed in me, that's what it is. I'm sorry—I'm afraid I'm not much of a lover. I'm not much of a lover.

It isn't that I don't feel don't mean things that perhaps another man could say . It's only that such things don't come easily to

(To be continued Tomorrow.)

Is Marriage a Success?

WHAT SOME OF OUR READERS SAY FROM A CHAUFFEUR'S WIFE.

FOR one, will say, No! Not if a girl marries a chauffeur. I have been married three years, have one child. I go to business lately and have caught my husband five times joyriding with young girls. When I say anything to him about it he says, "Oh, these little 'bums'-surely you are not jealous of them; any men with a car can have them for the asking."

I have spoken to over a dozen wives of chauffeurs, and they all are very unhappy. I have so far met only one who is happy, and she told me the only way she found happiness was to shut her eyes to everything, even when her husband would stay out all night.

But tell me what self-respecting woman can live with a man and keep her eyes shut just because he gives her part of his pay? Not I. can work, and am now planning to leave my husband, and some day, perhaps, I will meet a man who is satisfied with one woman. I know, however, he will not be a chauffeur.

A DISILLUSIONED, HEART-

I came from Maine to Washing-

ton, where I met my wife, a beau-

BROKEN WIFE. WIFE INSPIRED HIM.

tiful, refined girl, who resembled a hot-house flower. After our marriage, what were necessities to her were luxuries to me. But when I thought of her former environment I could readily understand that it

Because I loved an orchid and position that enables me to give

It is my greatest pleasure, and

No! No divorces are possibl-

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Ask Your Meat Man

THE WOMAN **OBSERVER**

LOGIC IS LOGIC.

Teacher is a fluffy, yellow-haired little person whose coiffure spreads impartially over her entire head. Both dainty ears are securely protected by large and ingeniously arranged "buns," which always recall to the Suburban Lady pictures in her old geography of the ladies of the Malay Peninsula, where most of the tollet consists of elaborate hair dressing.

On a recent morning the Suburban Lady invaded the school where her pet nephew is receiving his early education at the hands of the fluffy little teacher. Now Jimmie, the nephew, is a very kind little boy of serious mien, who is ob servant and longs to be helpful. Billy, his neighbor, essayed at teacher's behest to read, and his diction proved unpleasing. Sharply Teacher rapped for attention. she proclaimed her inability to hear Billy's words.

Then very gravely Jimmie rose. and to the consternation of Teacher and the amusement of various adult visitors, said pleasantly, "Teacher I think you could hear Billy if you'd take your hair off your ears!"

IN PLAIN ENGLISH



your over-burdened nerves is directed to nerves
not being used—
the tired muscles
are relieved of
their burden by causing unused muscles to assist them—this is the simple story my treatments.

Dr. Louis W. Hoffman Suite 212, Victor Building (Opposite Rinito Theatre) Telephone Main 6739

When' a Girl Marries

AN ABSORBING SERIAL OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE.

By Ann Lisle

Whose Present Serial Has Won a Nation-Wide Success. MUST see my brother Neal.

I must see Neal."

Opening my eyes, I found a white-capped nurse bending over me anxiously. "Mustn't talk, dear," she mur-mured soothingly. "It hurts the poor throat. I shut my eyes and submitted,

"What day is this?"
"Thursday. Hush, dear!" admonished the nurse.
"I must see Neal," I whispered again. "Yes, dear, tomorrow," replied the nurse.

I lay quiet for a while. Presently I began to realize how terribly my spine ached. Then I found myself thinking, piecing things to-Then a new picture jumped out

of my memory like a jack-in-the-box. Again I remembered the slanting lips of the skulking man I'd frightened from his post under the windows here at Dreamwold. Dick West, I was sure it was Dick West. Miss Storrs must be varned. I'd have to see Neal. But the nurse came with medi-

tines. I took the dose she gave me and submitted to a treatment. "Nurse, I have to see my brother You must telephone for him. If I ave diphtheria and you're afraid of his getting it, let him stand over in the doorway with a mask something on. I began to cry weakly and the

nurse came over to soothe me, but pushed her aside. "Does any one come to this "Of course," replied the nurse "Who?" I demanded.

"Now, dear, be quiet." "Who? Because if I may not see my brother, you'd better go down and ask the maid. Bertha. if she wants to risk seeing meor if I'll have to tell you so you can make it clear to them in case The nurse stared at me for a

ing strangely. Then she walked over to the door with an abrupt-

ness I hadn't noticed in her movements up to now. After a little while she returned and with her was Neal. I won-dered how she'd got hold of him so quickly, but it was too much trouble to ask.

Neal tenderly. "Did she think we were neglecting her when all we want is to give our girl a chance "You wouldn't be here if I had diphtheria?" I asked, adding lame-"Or maybe you would if you

"Hello, Babbsie, old girl!" said

thought I needed you. Don't come too near, Neal! And you will ask her to leave us alone?"
"Miss Rathbun, will you let me have a little confidential chet with my sister?" asked Neal, with a winning smile.
"Is Father Andrew here, too?" I

asked, with sudden inspiration.

"Oh, no, he isn't here. I just thought Id run out to see how - began Neal. "You're fibbing," I announced gravely. "Would it be fair to Father Andrew to let him expose himself, too? Or must I tell you, now you've come?" "Father Andrew isn't here," re-

peated Neal. "Of course he is," I instated. "Wouldn't he be just as anxious as "He'd be here if he knew you were sick," explained Neal gently.

"But he doesn't. He was gone when I telephoned yesterday morning." "He went home," I mosned, without seeing either of us? Oh, Neal! It must be serious. He's in trouble, too. And he didn't tell us-"Now, don't get yourself all worked up, Babbsie darling. There's nothing serious the matter with Dad. He went home because busi-

ness called, as well it might after

the long while he's been away.
"It's not natural he should go.
It's not natural at all!" I cried feverishly, "I've never needed him so much in all my life. And he He knew about Jim. Father Andrews wouldn't have gone off and left me if he hadn't been in serious trouble of his own. (To be continued Thursday.)

MORE PRIZE RECIPES

LAYER CAKE OR PLAIN CAKE. I lb sugar.

14 lb. lard. ib. butter.

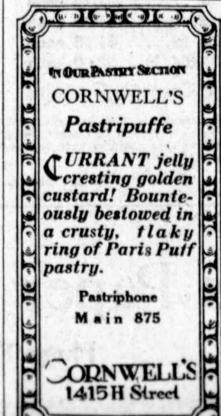
4 eggs.

ayer cakes.

1 pint milk. 1% lb. flour (G. Medal). 3 teaspoons baking powder (Rum-Cream lard, butter and sugar rood, add eggs, milk, last flour and baking powder.

COCOANUT ICING. Whites of 1 egg xxxx sugar and occoanut.—Mrs. Clarence J. Foster, Mt. Rainier, Md.

This will make 41/2 lbs., or two



was not her fault but it was mine expected the hardiness of a dog wood was not her fault. So, in came inspired, and now hold

my wife all she wants. we are very happy. The only great disadvantage that I had was that my wife could not help me like yours with her teaching piano. 1 had to pull the load myself

where love blooms, else misery shall follow you forever. Another thing—are you not a little one-sided? Be fair and you will be happy. GEORGE A.

Delicious Ice Cream ROMPTLY DELIVERED DAILY AND SUNDAY

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